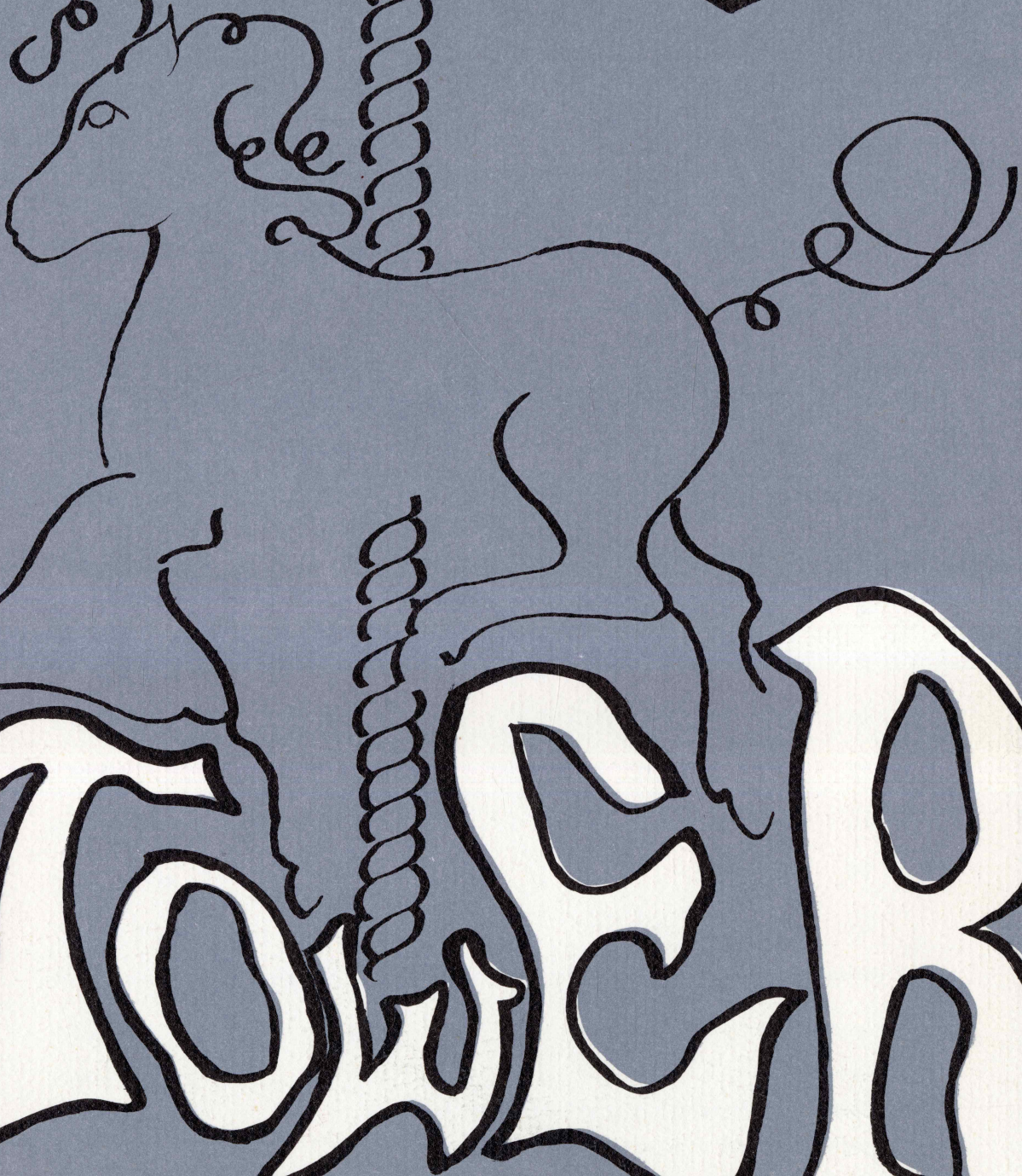
Wen. 67

THE TOWER



Winged horse, winged horse,
Winged horse with balloons,
He runs in a circle,
Delirious and fogged.

He whimsies through the shadows
And circles in sawdust;
To a dream in the distance
With him will you fly.

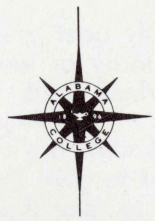
He whimsies in the seedlings
And plants a candied world,
Winged with coronets
And winged with garlands,

And winged in a round world,
Misplaced and winged—
To a dream in the distance
With him will you fly.

Fey MacDonald

The Tower

Winter, 1967



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poor billy goat gruff
i love you not kindly or well but silently
a cloverleaf child

common rounded with the chance of a kiss at night
reluctant to give
but there for you to take if you wantly insist

i'll cry if you like
or tear at my lips until you can taste the blood
i'll sit like a turk

rigid unbowed with the world awry in my eyes
until you grab me
and lay me on a vine-swept wall covered with rain

poor billy goat gruff
i'll stay with you for awhile if you demand me
a cloverleaf child

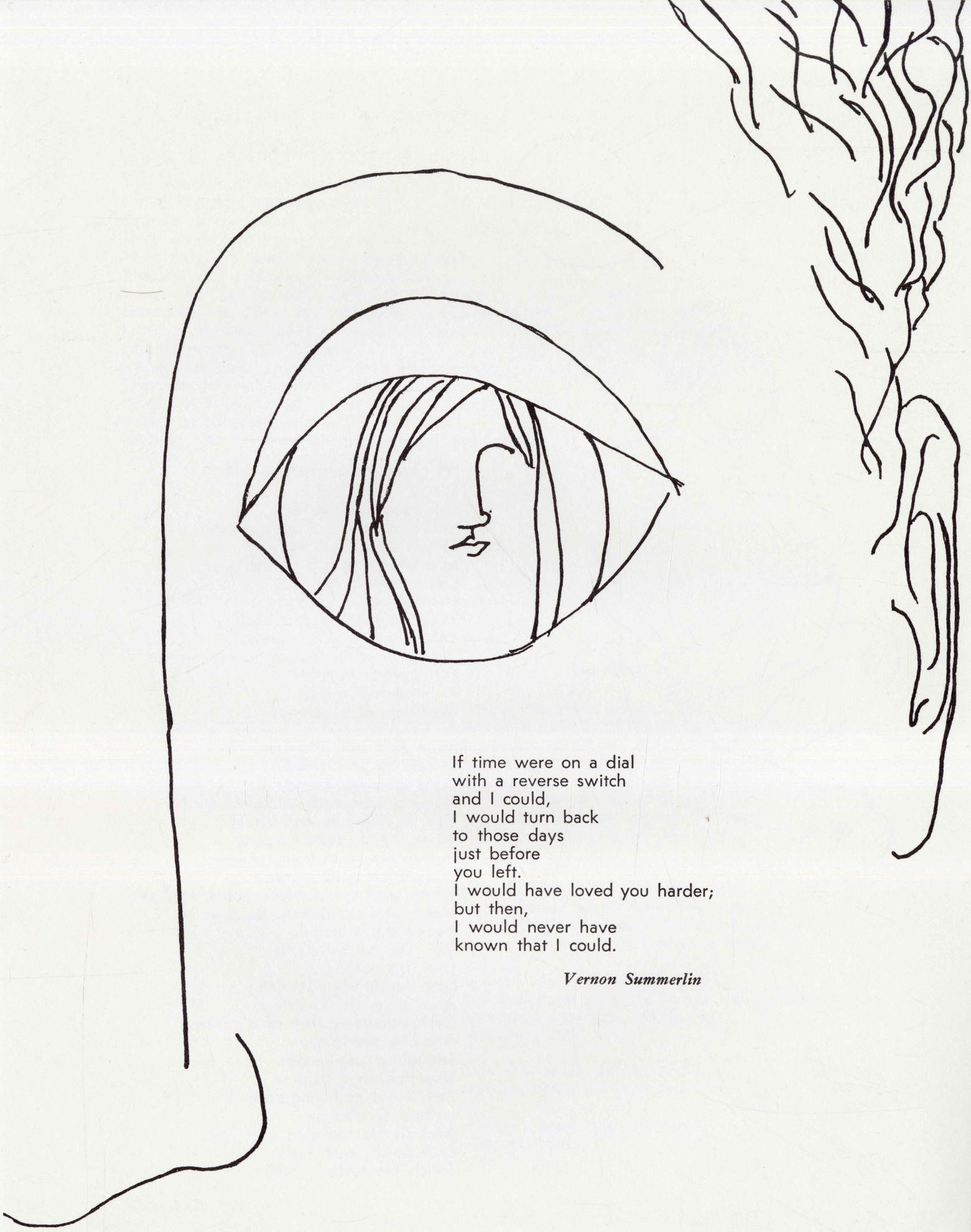
poor billy goat gruff
i love you not kindly or well but silently
a cloverleaf child

Fey MacDonald

RAIN FOREST

I am not astounded—further than the rain astounds the trees—
to be in this place, where I'd thought it an intrusion for me to go,
and feel a wind here, though there is no sign of any breeze
in all the forest; and while I stand serene and watch the slow
moving of the water, I am sure it does not move.
I stand trembling with the willows; oaken still;
powerless as dripping leaves (the trees and I) to prove
that we were fashioned to bear this, but the rain knows we will.

Jenny Holman



If time were on a dial
with a reverse switch
and I could,
I would turn back
to those days
just before
you left.
I would have loved you harder;
but then,
I would never have
known that I could.

Vernon Summerlin

TO LAMBETH WHOEVER SHE IS

This bread of the jam,
You must not eat, grey child—
Clown of the gallows
In a pigeon world of sheds,
Circus debutant
Hammering a rhapsody.
Take communion and health
Before you wail gangrene,
And leave your coffee-house freckles
For crayons to draw
A honeysuckle day,
Mantillas, and balloons.

Mute and still, life-size
In sequins and sawdust
On a merry-go-round,
Holding a minnow in tight hands—
You sit, ill-made and afraid,
While the sky-light hardens
In the swamp of your mind—
Screwdriver and a wand
Yours, and the clubfoot yours, and sea-
weed, and cloudlands. So now,
Betray the minstrel:
Run like the harlequin,
Like the parade,
Like the fire-fly, sandals
And piers, the Ever-land
Of rainbows—clown of a prism.
And the precipice—
Tremulous promenade
Like tight-rope trestles,
Pollyannas and gingerbread—
Is there to overgo.
And all the carnivals,
Each patch, each bum,
Touch the ruffian child.

Fey MacDonald

SPEAKING OUT

The world is against me and I against it,
Strike first and you won't get hit.
Relieve all frustration, relieve all pain,
They won't ever bother you again.
Why should I care about anybody at all?
Nobody will pick me up when I fall.
I was lying on the curb, blood on my head.
Someone said, "Step on him, make sure he's dead!"
I was in an earthquake once, on the run.
People asked, "Was it fun?"
I said, "Hell, no, I could've been killed."
They lost interest and their mood stilled.
What I'm trying to say is "To hell with you
And anybody else who is trying to do
Nothing about making me feel wanted and loved,
Only out to get me and spill my blood.

Cecil Otis Campbell

SNOWED IN

Outside it snowed tonight, and I,
I watched them all from my window, sliding, gliding
rapturously down the hill, but I,
I was very still.

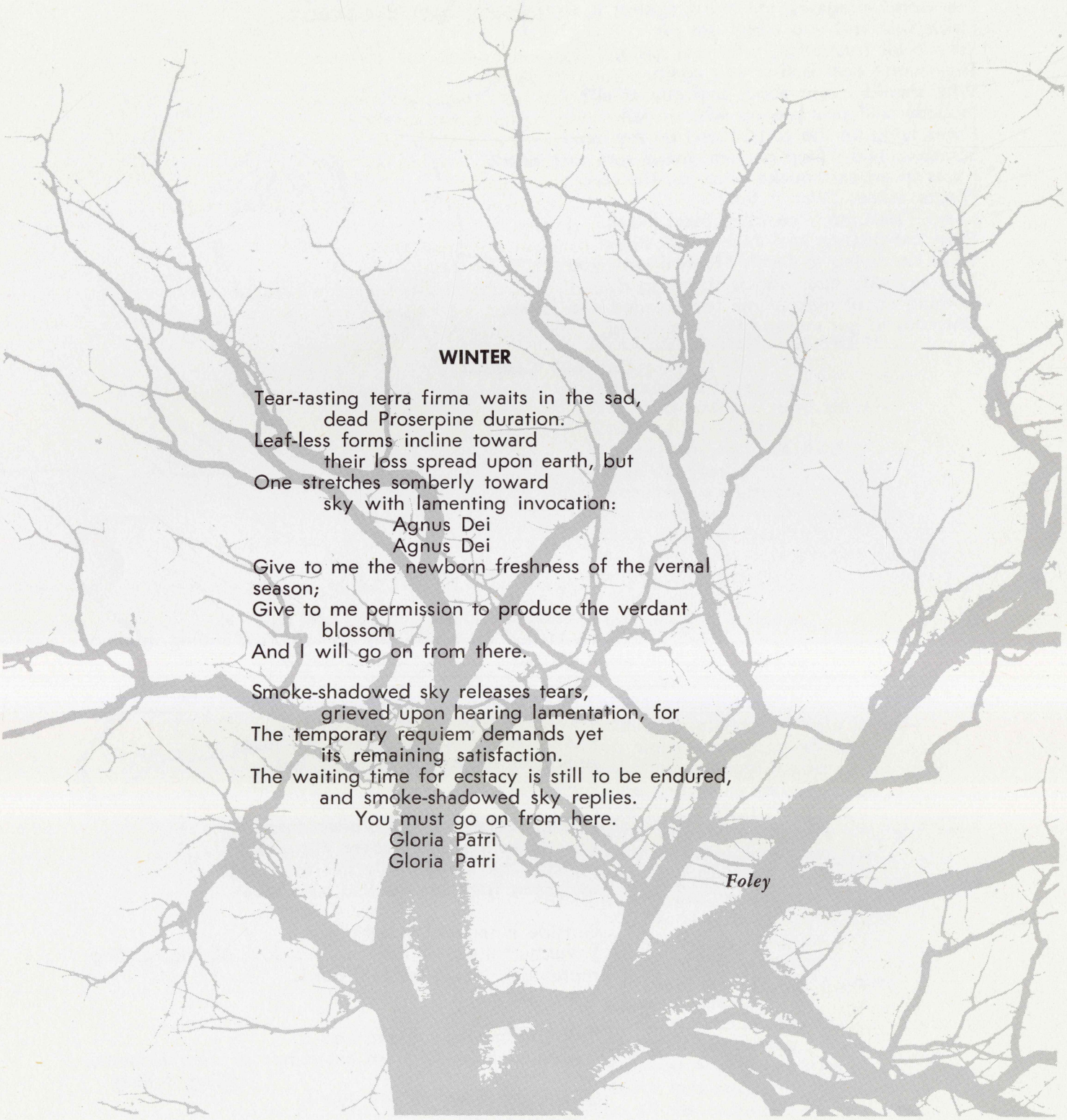
Outside it snowed tonight, and I,
I saw the winter-coat gloves, the loves
providing comfort in the cold, but I,
I was very old.

Perhaps because I've too often seen
the blanketing white cover the green,
perhaps that's why; only this can I say:
too many friends have had pain today.

Outside it snowed tonight, and I,
I watched them all from my window, sliding, gliding
rapturously down the hill, but I,
I was very still.

Inside it snowed tonight, and I,
I watched them all from the mirror of my memories,
calling, falling
hopelessly down the hill, but I,
I was very still.

Foley



WINTER

Tear-tasting terra firma waits in the sad,
dead Proserpine duration.
Leaf-less forms incline toward
their loss spread upon earth, but
One stretches somberly toward
sky with lamenting invocation:
Agnus Dei
Agnus Dei
Give to me the newborn freshness of the vernal season;
Give to me permission to produce the verdant blossom
And I will go on from there.

Smoke-shadowed sky releases tears,
grieved upon hearing lamentation, for
The temporary requiem demands yet
its remaining satisfaction.
The waiting time for ecstacy is still to be endured,
and smoke-shadowed sky replies.
You must go on from here.
Gloria Patri
Gloria Patri

Foley

IN SILENCE, GRETTA CONROY

Low now sleeping trusting half of me
my differently same
that stole away ago, crept into man-form
then returned to lie down parallel—
Promise not to listen and I'll tell
a wordless thing that keeping wordless
I will keep from blame:
That I the woman-half do nightly wholly steal away
to the rain-garden unafraid
and with some night-haired prince or other
leave you tenderly betrayed
by a duet of eyes; then I the woman-whole will
lay her full-stretched warmth again beside
my blondly snoring sleeper
that waking I may touch you softer
and receive you deeper.

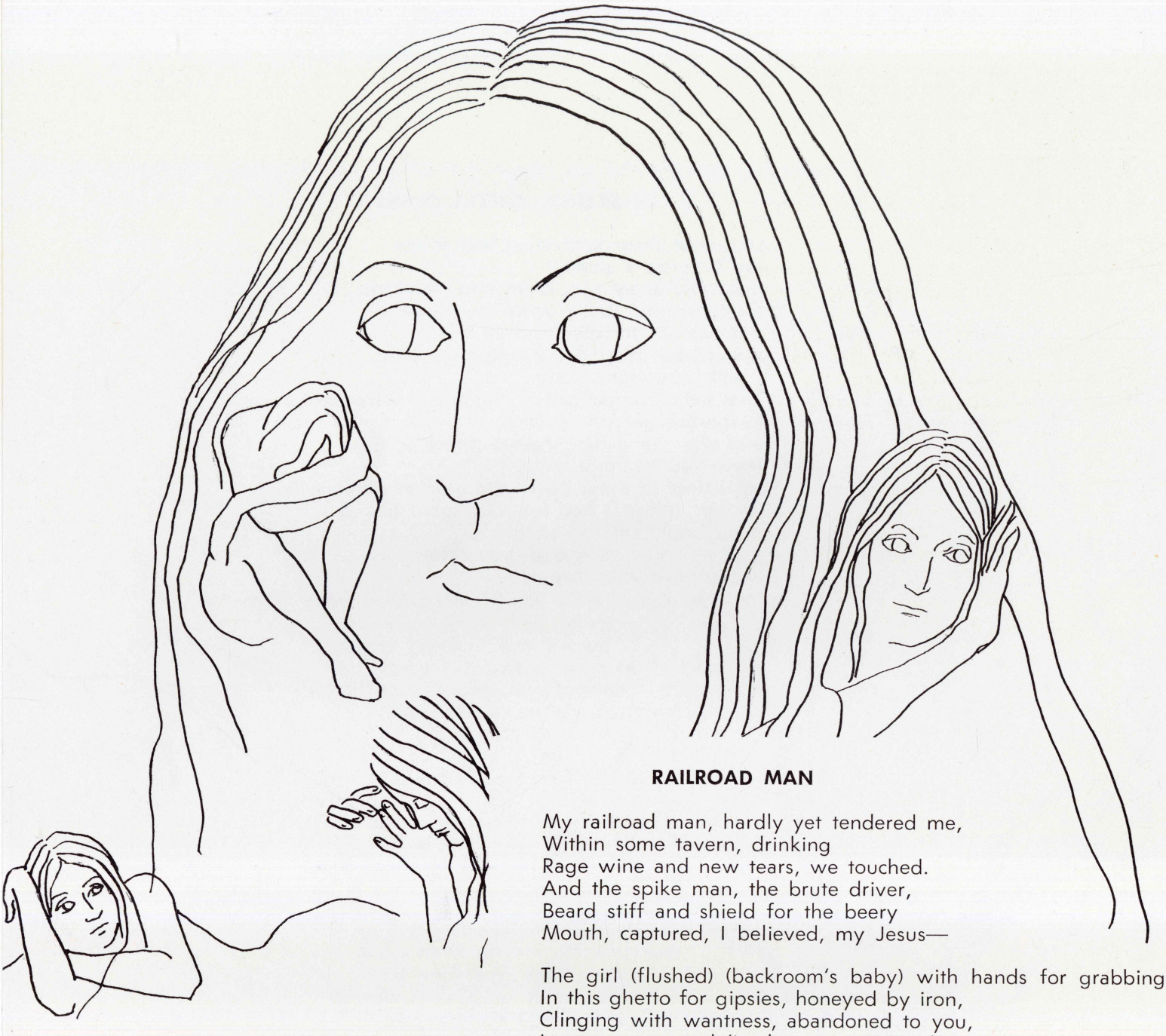
Jenny Holman

A broken rosary bead
Has scarred the half-learned girl with sleepy eyes,
Who shrieked, pre-world nights, ribboned
In the sea-weed of her hair.

Now her clubbed foot feels life
And drums of severity concert life.
Each whimper from or shiver
Opens her eyes, pop-guns explode.

Fragments of fire-balloons
Forlorn the girl dancing her feet in the duck pond.
Brass forceps scratch her docile cheeks
And a draft opens the world.

Fey MacDonald



RAILROAD MAN

My railroad man, hardly yet tendered me,
Within some tavern, drinking
Rage wine and new tears, we touched.
And the spike man, the brute driver,
Beard stiff and shield for the beery
Mouth, captured, I believed, my Jesus—

The girl (flushed) (backroom's baby) with hands for grabbing.
In this ghetto for gipsies, honeyed by iron,
Clinging with wantness, abandoned to you,
I was compressed (in the severe traitor's arms,
Succumbed by warmth of a dustman's smoky chest,
Soft Gentle's isle in a storm full of seas)

To the man of tyrant blood,
The harsh unwhimsy, the feverish corruption
with rank tongue to quench my whispering of truce.
It was hurt to stay in the shantyroom hotel upstairs
With my whoredom-blessed childness smudged with dark.

Plaintively my hushed cry sent a prayer somewhere:
Never never oh never to relent the man who slept
On my open breasts as I martyred in desire.
Now caught and somewhat bruised I will lie here
Lie here lie here and love
My railroad man.

Fey MacDonald

This toy I hold was once a girl
This whisper of a willow's sigh
Trapped in my arms;
I in pursuit of manly games
Carouseled her, rode her my way.

Dark in the night my sullen horse
Climbed to a star that glittered it;
Dark in her flush
I came as willow to the girl.
I played the man, closed her grey eyes.

This star she grabbed, this horse she rode
With animation to my door,
Were tricks and pranks
Lost in the carousel sway and pull—
A broken toy, a willow game.

Fey MacDonald

IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS

Gargoyles stand watch over your mind,
While sentries with hour glasses tell you the time.
Your heart is hidden where it cannot be reached.
You're an impregnable fortress that cannot be breached.
A smile in the morning means nothing to you,
When evening comes your day is through.
You hide in a tower that cannot be reached
In an impregnable fortress that cannot be breached.
Behind the sanctity of your many walls,
You hide in paranoic fear, afraid of falls.
You're afraid of the shadows that you can't reach
In an impregnable fortress not even you can breach.
You've never been born and you won't live long.
One dark misty night at the twelve o'clock bong,
Terror will strike and your heart will be reached
And your impregnable fortress doomed to be breached.

Cecil Otis Campbell

SHADOW BATTLE

The pale shadows are creeping, creeping,
And Ginny is sleeping
The uncounted sheep are leaping, leaping
And Ginny is sleeping
Pale shadows creep across the walls
Creature from the dark pitfalls
Some seek to harm her
Others seek to charm her
The shadows are clinging, clinging
But Guy is singing
A dragon fading into the ceiling
As over her bedside kneeling,
Sir Cedric draws his sword in defense
Of Ginny sleeping without pretense
Cedric slays the Black Knight of old
Cedric and Guy, both are bold
As they stand guard
As they stand guard
The battle of the shadows rages on
As pale turns into night
Sir Cedric and companion Guy
Team up with Gogi to fight
Three Knights, each one his own
Ginny, Virginia, Gin-Gin
Each must protect his own
Fighting pale shadows to win
"Her innocence must not be disturbed,"
Sir Cedric cried, perturbed
As the spirit of evil closed in
He fought a battle and did win
Gogi racing across to the north wall
Scaling ladders he caused to fall
While pouring flaming sand
With Guy lending a helping hand
"No one may harm her,
Only I can charm her!"
Cried the three protectors so bold
Who cannot be bought with gold
This they proved till the night
Ended and ceased the fight
And she opened her eyes
And she opened her eyes

Cecil Otis Campbell

I know
a silent wood
where lovers go to pray
(In penitence they scourge their hearts.)
and kiss.

Fey MacDonald

A little hour-glass was all
Father left me, saying,
"Count the grains as they fall;
These two glass hollows
harbor all the world I can give you.
Count as follows:
one, one, one, . . .
Give all you are
to one, one, one, . . .
And at the time one globe is empty
one will be filled.
Then you must turn it over quickly
lest the stream be stilled,
giving all you are
to one, one, one, . . ."

So I wore it truly round my neck
for an hour
until you kissed me closely by the sea
and a shower
of sand and glass
fell to our feet.
My world was scattered by a wave—
And I—Oh Father—I, who gave
all I am
to one, one, one, . . .

Jenny Holman

He told me to write of experience,
To forget abstraction and nonsense.
So I wrote a poem of a day I knew,
Then he cried; he knew it too.

Foley

I gave him gifts he didn't want.
"Take me," I pressed.
He shrugged, "Not now"—
"Tonight?" I begged, "Tonight?"
I gave him daisies
Smoked solemn,
A frown of stones, a rain-wet hand—
And wailed, "Take me somewhere with you!"
He would not tolerate
My sullen jazz creation,
So left me down beneath the willow tree,
Clutching a loyal daisy chain.

Fey MacDonald

T7.1-3